RULES

For Being A

WIT.

Si præclari famam ingenii acquirere velis, has sequentes Regulas observare debes.

The SECOND EDITION,

Corrected and Revis'd.

LONDON:

Printed for the AUTHOR; and Sold by *J. Lewis*, in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1753.

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PERHAPS the Reader may expect ſome Apology for the Attempting a Performance of this Sort; if he does, he will be extreamly miſtaken: ſo far from making an Apology, I think the Reader in particular, and the Town in general, are extreamly beholden to me for laying open the Secret Cabinet, wherein are lodged the Arts and Myſteries of becoming Wits.

Indeed, were I to purſue the Path of ſome of the Modern Shamefaced Writers, I ſhou'd give ſome Reaſons for the Occaſion of my undertaking a Lucubration of this Nature; but I look upon that as an Infringement upon the Audacity requiſite in the Formation of an Author: Beſides I write

upon Wit, consequently I must be a Wit, and a great one too! — And as Impudence (thou charming Thing) is the principal Support of Wit, as well as Sense; I must entirely give up all Right and Title to that so much and so universally esteem'd Character, were I once to touch Pen upon the Score of any thing that look'd like Apology.

All the modern Writers, that have any Pretentions to Wit, or Sense, do the same; under the Title of poetical (or proseical) Licence, they bereft themselves entirely of every thing that has the least Tincture of Modesty.

Modesty! — what was I talking of? — sure there is no such Word in *English*. — Yes now I recollect, there is an old fashion'd Word that sounds something like it: Certainly it is entirely obsolete, for I cannot say I know what it means.

But stop, or else I shall make something like an Excuse for my Deficiency of Knowledge; and that wou'd be giving a Difinition to the Word at once. — and what then? — why that wou'd be contradicting myself point blank in less then half a Dozen Lines. — pshaw, I cou'd quote the best Authors that do it every Day, in every Line. I certainly am not impudent enough; I find all the modern Wits out-do me. All I can pretend to say for my self is, I'll endeavour, assiduously will I endeavour, to arrive at some Degree of Perfection in ——

That

That celebrated Art of Impudence;
Basis itself of Learning, Wit and Sense.

Writing is entirely dependent upon it, as may be plainly seen by all those that are equipped with a Sufficiency never failing, those that want it never succeeding.

Think you *F* —— *g* would ever have given up his *C* —— *t-g* —— *n Journal* as long as there were Books to apply to? but that his consummate Modesty would let him pass nothing upon the Town for his, but what was really his own; and the Town, in return, always acknowledged they believed his Publications cou'd be the Production of no other than himself, for that he was particularly happy in a Flow of Language, a turn of Expression, a Termination of Period (with some few *Et-Cæteras*) entirely peculiar to himself. —— Prodigious Genius! where shall we find thy Equal? — where is the Man that can write, and by his Stile be always known because incomparable, inimitable, truly Original? — And yet the Consequence is visible: the want of that real Charm to Authors, that ever Inspirer of Sublimity — Impudence, caused his Fall — his Fall! What do I say? — He fell not; but truly, and philosophically great, *Socrates* like, he terminated his Presidence over the Republic of Literature by his own Hand: he took his Leave in such a Way, as plainly proved he was not compell'd to retire, but prompted by Will

and

and Inclination (which with the Aid of Reaſon directed him in all his Steps) he purſued the Path of all the immortal Genius's — That is, when they had wrote enough (or could write no longer) they deſiſted.

The Diſcontinuance of *F* —— *g* ranking himſelf as a Journaliſt is, undoubtedly, a great and ſenſible Misfortune to the Republick of Wits in general, and myſelf in particular. It hath often (to the Merit of his Invention, and my Addition be it ſpoken) been the Supply of many an Hour's Converſation in Company; He as an Author, I as a Commentator, have equally ſhone at the ſame Time; but acknowledge it I muſt notwithſtanding Impudence, and the whole Syſtem of Wit fly in my Face, that I never allowed him any Share in the Production, except the Relation did not take; then, my Author, ſays I, is the *J* —— *ce*: I am ſorry I mention'd him; but I only noted him for his Dulneſs — I wonder when he will leave off writing ſuch Nonſenſe — It grows worſe and worſe every Week; as if laſt *Saturday*'s was not bad enough, he muſt take ſuch Pains to make himſelf ſo much the more contemptible this — and ſo forth; but upon my Word, in my cooler Moments, my Conſcience has always ſtung me for this Proceeding: I have underwent many an Hour's pricking for the Relation of a Story of his, with a few Additions.

But, I begin to feel this Malady coming on me again; the Diſtemper, I wou'd willingly have believed cou'd not poſſibly have attacked a Wit,

and

and a fashionable Writer — Nay, a Page or two ago convinces you, I was in doubt whether there was such a Thing — I mean Modesty — the only Thing I fear as a Writer: *Descaseaux* is not near so much in Apprehension of his Devil, and only Adversary, the Moniter of his *Scribendi Cacöethes*, or *Henly* of his intellectual Gonorrhea.

I must find out some effectual Method to be rid of this intermitting Distemper. —— Let me reflect — I have it — a sufficient Quantity of *Egotism*, properly applied, will certainly be efficacious.

But, perhaps, some may think, that though Impudence may be allow'd an Author as a Licence, that he has no Reason for introducing *Egotism*; but now I have attain'd to a proper Degree of Impudence, I shall think it beneath me to offer Reasons; that is the Province of low mechanical Writers; mine to say all I please, and all I say is right — because I say it; is not that sufficient? besides I won't cast a Thought towards being compell'd to any thing; Indeed if it were to come of my own Accord I might indulge the Reader — no, then I wou'd not do it; I mean I might indulge myself: it is upon this Account, I chuse to tell you, the Inspector says the same — No less a Man, than the immortal Inspector says the same; the Successor to *Addison* and *Steele* — 'tis he that says just so — Nay not only says, but does — And, I think that is sufficient (laying aside all his other, innumerable Merits, good

Qualities

Qualities, and Qualifications) to recommend him; — for where you meet with one that ſays an acts the ſame, you will find Millions who act juſt in Oppoſition, to what they aſſert are their Sentiments; not only Laymen, but even Eccleſiaſtics, as well as Phyſicians; The Tenets that theſe Doctors lay down as proper to ſecure Repoſe to your Soul and Body, they follow minutely, in a beautiful Figure of Speech call'd Irony.

I think the Inference is plain; the Inf——r is a Prodogy — ſuch a one as you won't meet with in a Million. — And, I believe, you wou'd allow me to double the Number were I to inform you he has wrote no leſs then 620 In——rs, beſide ſuch Quantities of Natural Hiſtory, in Folio; Philoſophy, Novels, Romances, Memoirs, &c. &c. &c. as wou'd more than repleniſh, a modern Library.

This is the Man I now mention; who let me add, may we infer from the Number of Letters that are found to grace the End of his Name, is not, to be ſure, Member of leſs than fifty Societies, Acadimies &c of Arts, Sciences and polite Literature.

This Author I ſhall endeavour to imitate, if any; — he certainly is entirely of my way of thinking — his Manner of getting the Better of his Adverſaries I doat on, had I any, I ſhou'd

ſhou'd exactly follow his Method of triumphing over them; the beſt Expedient that poſſibly cou'd have been deviſed. His Riſe and Progreſs are ſupprizingly fine: firſt to begin with a ſeeming Regard for the Public, then taking that Jewel Impudence into his Service, and then to ſecure his Paſs to adopt *Egotiſm*. He frequently ſhews you what a great Reverence he pays to ſome of the beſt ancient, as well as modern Authors, by quoting them, almoſt verbatim; except 'tis the Alteration of ſome old for faſhionable Phraſes; Nay he holds them in ſuch Repute, he does not think it a Diſgrace to paſs them off for his own.

And yet, notwithſtanding he takes all imaginable Care to expoſe Vice, and ſhew Virtue bedeck'd in all her glorious Trappings; by pointing out Characters vicious, or uncommon; by drawing Copies, ſo like the Originals, that they are frequently taken for them; by painting Diſtreſs in worthy Objects, and recommending Hoſpitality, Benevolence and Charity; by delineating virtuous Characters, who have attain'd the Seat of Happineſs, as far as this mortal Coil will here admit of.— I ſay, notwithſtanding all this, and much more that I cou'd add, which are the End and Mart of his diurnal Lucubrations; I received, not long ſince, the following Letter from an Acquaintance of mine in the Country:

' *Dear Sir,*

' THE last Time I was in Town, there
' appear'd a Daily Paper, with an Essay
' annex'd to it, in the Goût of the *Spectator*;
' which, I told you I approv'd of vastly, and
' used constantly to read while in *London*:
' when I departed, I desired you wou'd in-
' form me, from time to time, of the Suc-
' cess of it; which you did; — but, I find,
' you very much imposed upon me; having
' all a long informed me, that this Paper suc-
' ceeded better and better every Day; and
' that the People in general, and the Repub-
' lic of Letters in particular, seemed equally
' pleased, if not more so, than ever they did
' with those, never enough admired, Essays
' the *Spectators*: In Confutation of this, I
' shall give you directly the Words of Mr. —
' of the *Temple* dated from thence the 26th
' *December* last.

" *Sir,*

" You very much surprised me, in in-
" forming me that the Paper call'd the
" *Inf——r*, succeeds equally well, if not
" better, than the *Spectators* of *Addison*. ——
" Positively, Sir, whoever has given you this
" Information, hath grosly imposed upon you.
" I (who am equally disinterested with the
" Author

" Author, as with any of his Cotemporaries)
" can aſſure you, that it never approach'd,
" within ſome thouſand Degrees of Excellence,
" to thoſe inimitable Works. The beſt that
" I can ſay of *H——ll*, is that he can write
" a great deal, or rather copy, for three
" Fourths of his Papers are nothing but Pla-
" giariſms: At firſt a great many People liked
" his Paper, becauſe it was a kind of Faſhion;
" I can account for this: He was acquainted
" with many Ladies of very gay Diſpoſitions,
" and he, ſomehow, was happy enough to
" pleaſe them; they trumpeted his Character
" of a fine Writer (who, by the by, knew
" no more of polite Writing, than they did
" of polite Behaviour) and the ſilly Cox-
" combs, who paid their court to them, and
" were oblidged to be of the ſame Opinion
" as their fair Enamoretas, reporting the Sen-
" timents of theſe Arch-Angels which reach'd
" a great many Ears, who take every thing
" upon truſt; and this is the way that for a
" time it was in ſome trifling Eſteem; but
" never was Compariſon more odious, than
" that of the Spectators and Inſpectors. It
" ſeems he has Vanity enough himſelf, to call
" *Addiſon* and *Steele* his Predeceſſors: Indeed
" I believe Vanity and *Egotiſm* have been
" Motives towards the hurting his Paper; and
" theſe two Enormities together, have raiſed
" him ſo many Enemies; laying aſide thoſe
" whoſe particular Characters he has drawn or
" diſadvantageouſly mentioned. Had he con-

" ceal'd his Name, or in other Words got
" the better of his Vanity, by wresting an Author
" *in cog*: had he, in another material Point,
" been Philosopher enough to have got the
" better of that predominant Passion of his, by
" not making use, so often, (when he was
" known to be the Author) of that harmonious
" sounding Vowel to his Ear, *I*; he certain-
" ly wou'd have had many more Admirers,
" and fewer Enemies: For I remember, be-
" ing in a certain Coffee-house, frequented by
" some of the severest Critics of the Age, when
" his first Paper made its Appearance; then
" few were in the Secret who was the Author,
" or whether one or more were concern'd in
" it: and, I think the general Opinion was,
" it was a pretty Introduction of such a kind
" of Paper: the greatest Part of the *Beaux-*
" *Esprits* that made up this Court of Literate
" Judicature, are now become his implacable
" Enemies, And I can't find out the Reason,
" (beside those already mention'd) except it is,
" they know the Author to be D — *H* —,
" and he to be a great *Egotist*. — Odds are
" laid, that he won't be able to support his
" Paper till *March*; and last Week there was a
" Gentleman at *G* —— 's Coffee-House, that
" offer'd ten to one he did not keep his Cha-
" riot till *February*."

'You see how directly opposite this is, to
' what you have all along transmitted me. — I
' have Charity enough, to believe you have
been

'been one of those he mentions, that have ta-
'ken his Character upon Trust; and yet that
'contradicts all your Maxims, of not forming
'Judgments too precipitately, or taking any
'thing upon Hearsay; therefore, I must suspend
'my Judgment (being a constant Observer of
'those Maxims) 'till such time as I shall hear
'from you upon this Subject.

'I am &c'.

The Reader will plainly perceive, how the Writer of this Letter has been put upon, by his ingenious Correspondent of the Temple; for that Reason, as I found he was so easily humm'd, I thought it was beneath me to make him any Answer; except it was by exposing him here, to warn all other second-hand Judges of Authors, how they adopt the Opinions of others without sufficient Foundation. Had I not been upon my Guard, how I believed Report, I shou'd have formed very wrong Judgments of most the Modern Wits. —— Think you, I shou'd have held *K*———*y* in such esteem as I do, had I been of the Opinion of those who reported, that his last Work (I mean Whipping-Rods) had not the least in it to recommend it; that the whole was compiled to get a Penny, at the Price of Veracity, and the Display of his Ignorance? No, instead of assenting rashly, to any thing that was told me upon this Head;

Head; I perused this ingenious Work (you may think) more than once; for too often it cou'd not be read, that I found by the Title-page, which was, indeed, replete with Sterling Wit; his very Motto contain'd more than three Fourths of the Works of all the Authors of the preceding Age; And afterwards, firmly asserted it was equal to, if not better than, any thing either *Addison*, *Steele*, or *Swift* ever wrote.

I could enlarge upon the Beauties of this Work; but as I wou'd willingly avoid any thing that had the least Appearance of Flattery, I shall only tell my venerable Friend I admire him in every Line, and willingly wou'd have him persevere in condescending to favour the Town with his elaborately witty Productions.—As wou'd I also, my ingenious Friend *M——y*, in the Craftsman; though there is not a great deal of Wit in that Part, which may come under the Denomination of an Essay; the Reader has but to turn over, and he abounds in the Character of Ranger, with Wit of all sorts; does he like *Parody*, there it is; or is that, never enough admired, Species of Wit call'd *Pun* his choice, he may there find it; *Allegory* in abundance displays itself: In short, not to be too prolix in the Mention of the different Species of Wit, there is of all Sorts, from *Pun* down to *Irony*. And yet this elegently explicit Author hath Enemies; have not mine Ears been more than once grated

with

with illiterate Declaimers saying— "Surely this "is an entire Satire upon *H*——; his first "Paper began with him, and he is still his "Topic: This Writer must certainly have "abundant matter" —Others have harrangued themselves 'till they 've been black in the Face, and their whole Discourse has not amounted to more than— "I like his finding "fault with *H*——'s stile, and his pretending "to prescribe Rules for Writing— yes Mr. "*Craftsman*, you can write upon Stile, still you "want; You can think in order; too; but "your Train of Ideas does not appear: "*H*——*ll* may be defective in Stile—— "you have none; his one's his own, at "least;——yours borrow'd of Swift.——It's "more commendable to strike out something "new, though indifferent in itself, than to "Copy the finest Original excellently."

It's plain from hence that the best of Authors will have Enemies and Back-biters; But some say, this is the Work of *H*——*ll*, and palliate the Thing, by saying it's only retorting *Viva voce*, what *M*——*y* had done with him before in Print, first in his *Sine-Conflictu*, &c. and afterwards in his Craftsman,— and by the Help of the ingeniously Witty, and noted (even in the *Insp*——*r*) punning Apothecary; in the Rhapsody for the Loss of a Wig;—But Wits, as well as Authors and Doctors, differ, for the Town says otherwise.

Which

Which Opinion to abide by, I ſhould not know; were I not always charitably diſpoſed, till Conviction is made clear: wherefore as a Wit, I pronounce *H*——— not guilty.

Not even the thrice-crown'd with Lawrel *S*———*t* can eſcape malignant Cenſure; Not he, who for three ſucceſſive Years hath won the Prize in the Praiſe of the Omnipotent, can eſcape Criticiſm in the Burleſque of Mortals.

Where is the unprejudiced By-ſtander, but muſt applaud every Hint this ingenious young Gentleman hath thrown out? —Firſt, as to his *Old Woman's Magazine*: where every Line drew on a freſh Witty Burleſque, pointed Antitheſis, and well-choſen Pun. Then has he not even excell'd himſelf (if I may be allow'd the Expreſſion) in his Oratory ———

Where dancing Monkies, mimick as they paſs,
The Man, the Monkey, powder'd Fop, and Aſs.

Were I to come to his late Diſpute with *H*———*ll*, and the Conſequences of bringing him to Poetic Juſtice in the *H*——*ll*——*d*; my feeble Pen wou'd fail, in the Pointing out the various Beauties of this Poem; but not to ſay, he has entirely eradicated that Diſeaſe (if ever he was troubled with it) which I mention'd in the Beginning, and of which I was ſo apprehenſive

hensive of a Relapse; wou'd be doing him a great Piece of Injustice: — Positively, his Letter and the Answer prefix'd are surprizing Instances of it; And really his Notes may be put in competition in this respect, with most modern Productions. The inserting of some pretty Epigrams, which appear'd before in Print, are convincing Proofs, that he, though a Poet, allows Merit in others its Due, by introducing them among his own Versifications, and ushering them in, by saying, the following ingenious Epigram is not unworthy Observation, or the following prettily-turn'd Epigram may not be thought *mal-a-propos*: — Though snarling unmeaning-Criticks have said it was merely to fill up the 'Vacuum, which four Sheets of close Writing 'would have left in a two Shilling Poem; im-'posed on the Public, about a Dispute, which 'no more interested it, than wou'd a Quarrel 'of two of his Men-Representatives, in his O-'ratory.'

I wou'd have said here, that to be censured by good Critics, is a Sign of your being worthy their Notice; only the Remarks above cited, as I said before, were made by snarling-unmeaning-Ones; therefore I won't settle it as a Rule, that any Judgment is to be form'd of an Author, by the Quality of his Criticks.

But it will hold good, in a Degree, when I reflect, that the truly Poetical-Genius Mr. *D——k* has wrote the *Smartiad*; a Poem which I wou'd

 recom-

recommend as one of the best Satires wrote since the Time of Pope: the Flow of Language, the Turn of Raillery, the truly-accute-Satire, which most Readers are fond of, are there all found in full Perfection, at the reasonable Charge of Sixpence. Still the want of something is to be regretted in this Poem; I mean that Mr. *F—te* shou'd refuse the honourable Office of Writing the Notes which Mr. *D—k*, so supplicatingly beg'd him to accept of; —But now I think on't, perhaps it's better without; for since Mr. *F—te* cou'd be neither moved with this surprising Genius's natural-flowing Eloquence, or number'd Verification, to grant that trifling Boon (or rather, confer that Honour on himself;) I very much apprehend, he must be a very dull insipid Fellow, and consequently would have spoil'd the Poem, instead of adding to its Beauties, which indeed are numberless.—As are those of that truly-witty Letter of Mr. *W*——to the In—r; not to have mention'd it, wou'd indeed have proved myself unfit for this arduous Task; but I hope I shall in a great Measure, convince the Reader of the contrary, when I inform him, I think that elegently-witty Pun of *Bob—at—hill*, superior to any other in it; though none inferior to any modern Production *K—y's* excepted.

I was in great hopes this Specimen of Mr. *W—d's* polite Writing wou'd have been follow'd with something more Voluminous; or, as he there inform'd us, he might take Pen in hand and turn Journalist; —But since I find this great

Genius

Genius (for Writing) has alter'd his Intention, the Town would be very much obliged to any of the *Literati*, if they wou'd, though contrary to their Sentiments, be something severe upon him, merely to prompt him to answer; which, undoubtedly, wou'd be with the same Redundancy of Wit that appears throughout this smart Letter.

Draco (*Gazetteer Draco*, otherwise *Robin hood Sh—ls* I mean) has been lash'd in a late Poem, call'd the *Pasquinade*, by the ingenious Punning Apothecary; I think, this Practiser of Pharmacy might have been less severe upon a Brother-Writer, who in many respects, so much resembles himself: first, as a Writer; then, as an Orator at the *Robin hood*: thirdly as a *Bedford* Coffee-house Wit, and (I was going to say) as a Punster; but Reflexion tells me, *B—t* there out-wits him.

I am inclin'd to think that Mr. *B—t* is not thoroughly acquainted with his Character; otherwise, he wou'd have been more favourable in representing him: —supposing he was an Amanuensis to *J—n*; every one knows, he did not serve for the sake of Pay; it was only to gain — that easy — flowing — gentle — soft — harmonious — sublime Stile, so peculiar to Mr. *J—n*; and it's plain he succeeded, as may be seen by all his well-connected Essays in the *Gazetteer*, sign'd *DRACO:* Consequently, this can be no Reproach, -- nor can his harranguing at the *Robin hood* be any; for it's clear he only went there to accustom him-

ſelf to a proper Delivery when encircled by a numerous Concourſe of Auditors; which as ſoon as he had attain'd, he ſhone among the Wits at the *Bedford*.

Perhaps, the Reader may be curious to know what I have made mention of theſe ſeveral different Writers for, and what Connection they have to the Title of this Work; my Anſwer is, that I look upon them to be the only Standards of true Wit exiſting; and conſequently they have Connection enough with the Title, ſince the Character of a Wit (in Writing) can only be attain'd by purſuing their Paths; which, though different, are the direct Roads to the Seat of true Wit. To be a Wit in Writing, then, there needs no manner of Occaſion for, either natural Parts, or Learning, as ſome ſtupid pedantic Writers have imagined: You have nothing to do, but read conſtantly the Writings of theſe Authors, as they come out, freſh and freſh, (and, if you have not already, thoſe that they have before publiſh'd;) this will give you a ſufficient Knowledge to commence Writer upon any Subject; if you have a mind to write upon Natural-Philoſophy, read *H—ll* with great Attention: Have you a mind to be a Noveliſt, Journaliſt, or Eſſay-Writer? You may chuſe which you pleaſe, *F—g H—ll*, or *Sh—ls*: Are you inclin'd to be particularly witty in Satyr? fail not to read *K—y* and *D—k*; I might add alſo *W—d*: Should ſoft Poetic Numbers incline to fill your Page, read *Sm—t* by all means: Would you look big, and preſcribe Rules

Rules to Write by? *M—y*'s your Man; read but the *Craftſman*, and you muſt think in Order, your Train of Ideas will conſequently appear.—But after all, ſhould any one object againſt theſe Rules, by ſaying they are not ſufficiently learned to either underſtand theſe Authors thoroughly when they read them; or afterwards, upon a Suppoſition they have peruſed their Works, that they can't write *Engliſh*; —I anſwer thus, I preſcribe theſe Rules for none, but ſuch as can read, or at leaſt make ſhift to read; —that is ſufficient to be an Author: if you don't underſtand them rightly, apply to Mr. *Baily*'s Dictionary, and I venture to ſay, you will make out their Meaning (as it is not the Faſhion now to make a Parade of Learning.) —Suppoſing theſe Authors underſtood,—it matters not, whether you can write or no; there are always Amanuenſis's enough to be had, —Learn Grammer of *Greenwood*, or rather refer your Amanuenſis to him: and for Spelling,—Mr. *Dyche* is the Man.

There is another kind of Wit, which is the converſing-Wit: to attain to any Degree of Perfection in this Character, it's abſolutely neceſſary, you ſhould go every Sunday, to hear that great Orator, and happy Deliverer of Sublimity *H—nl—y*: there you will ſoon be initiated in the *Arcanum* of Eloquence; that it conſiſts in few Rules, will be the firſt thing you'll obſerve: The next, that Wit in Converſation (or rather Oratory) is entirely made up of a ſignificant Shrug, an arch Leer, a proper applied Wink, a half utter'd

Phraſe

Phrase (the rest to be made out by the inventive Imagination of the Auditors. I also recommend the *Robin hood* Society, as the finest Academy of Rhetoric now in Europe; the Arguments here carried on, are far from being hypothetical, and are supported by the best Orators this Nation affords; the Debate is generally very conclusive, and the Beauties of Grammer, *English*, and well-turn'd Periods, are all connected together in the summing up of the Argument, by the worthy President. Mr. *Sh—ls* will apprise you of a sort Pronunciation, suitable to so numerous and polite a Society.

After having sufficiently frequented these two Repositories of Wit and Elocution; the polite Coffee-Houses are proper Places of resort, for attaining the Character of a discoursing Wit: never miss the *Bedford* of a *Sunday* Evening, for then the Caravans arrive from the different Assemblies, at the *Change*, *Temple-Bar*, &c. and all meet at this general Receptacle of Wits. — There you'll hear a Variety of fashionable, elegant, and polite Conceits — Criticism, Mr Town will prevail upon you to think is the Taste, and the less the Grounds the more the Mode: Mr. *M—k—n* will convince you a Laugh is always to be raised, by dint of his own risible Disposition; never minding, whether it's at him, or the Joke—that is immaterial.—Mr *F—te* will hum you into a Belief that there is Merit in telling a down right Lye with a dry Face; and Mr. *B—t* will persuade you there are Beauties in Pun, though silly *Addison* would not list it under the Banner of true Wit.

That

That these Rules are infallible, every judicious, candid, and not pedantic Reader will certainly allow. Therefore I may with some Propriety, say, thus have I equipp'd you O Reader for a Wit!

Rush on the Town, and there display,
Your Witticisms, each diff'rent Way:
In Verse, in Prose, in Doggrel-Rhymes;
In Puns, Conceits, and Pantomimes;
Acrostick, Rebus, Ænigma;
The Beauties of each Kind display;
With all other Conceits, like these:
The Ear to Charm, the Fancy please:
The Instrument of Poets dread,
An echoing Cat-call, or Reed:
With Dilligence, the Use attain,
To damn Authors, without much Pain.
Thus Equipp'd—compleat Critic Start;
And in the Pit, perform your Part;
Or at the Wits Assembly Shine—
A Critic Arm'd—be that Part thine:
And when the Town, itself hath lost,
You shall succeed to Ch—'*s Post.*

FINIS.